

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1806.

No. 39.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.
FOR THE EDITOR.

THE SPY.

No. V.—SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1806.

*Hail! awful scenes that sooth the weary breast,
And lull the senses to divine repose,
Can passion's wildest uproar charm to rest
And whisper comfort to the man of woes.*

MINSTREL.

Some few years ago, I was on a visit to an old and intimate friend, who had retired to a small but elegant mansion in a remote situation on the romantic banks of the Susquehannah.

Bred in the gay circles of the fashionable world, and an accurate observer of the refinements of civilized society, he had combined elegance with simplicity; and though his little retreat borrowed a corresponding rusticity and boldness, from the wild and romantic neighbourhood of that noble river; yet it was easy to discover, that art was not wanting, to give some relief to the rugged aspect of nature, in those mountainous regions.

To a mind formed upon the model of D's (by which name I shall call him) such a retreat appeared necessary. He was a native of England, and of pretensions sufficient to mature by an association with the learned and the fashionable, the liberal education he had received.

He had passed the middle age and was single. He had seen much of the world, and experienced strange reverses of fortune. His mind was no otherways depressed by a descent from affluence to a bare competency, than as it infringed upon his means of doing good. The wide world had been his theatre of action, in the benevolent sphere, for a long while; but in his various peregrinations, he had witnessed such complicated scenes of villainy; in short so much to disgust and chill his philanthropic propensities, that he finally took his determination and abandoned forever those tumultuous scenes which are gall to

the “Man of feeling.” He had felt some repugnance at, in a manner, thus deserting his post. If those whose conduct gives a relief to the dark side of human nature, withdraw from an intercourse with mankind, what a horrible prospect does the result present to such an imagination as his? Who would there be left to guard defenceless virtue? What is to become of the wretched and unfortunate? Who to frown upon the vices, and oppose the iniquitous designs of the worldly minded wretch? Such reflections had created serious struggles in his breast: but, possessed of strong reason and a well cultivated mind, he found arguments which allayed considerably, the meritorious scruples which had tormented him. He felt conscious he had done all the good in his power, and would still, though in a more limited sphere, give full scope to his benevolence and attachment to virtue and propriety. His want of power to afford general relief was not to be a cause of rendering him unhappy—that would be to transgress the bounds and feelings assigned him. The good wishes and endeavours of an individual can neither influence nor reform the world. The vices which prevail and the crimes perpetrated, certainly exist under the eyes, and with permission of that Being from whom all proceeded. If he suffers them, why should poor frail man presume to take the rod from his hands and disturb the serenity of his mind unavailingly, for what he is not accountable, and cannot prevent? Such were the arguments which had contributed to his removal from the world, and such was the man whom I had the felicity of calling my friend.

His was of that order of minds which feels elevated or soothed, by the sublime or romantic beauties of nature.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;

You cannot rob me of free nature's grace.

You cannot shut the windows of the sky,

Nor bar my constant feet to trace

The woods and lawns by living streams at eve.

The spot to which he had retired eminently possessed all the requisites to interest and enchain his attention. Situated within half a mile of the river, whose noise, resembling the sound of distant thunder, was distinctly heard; he had not far to go, before that immense stream, foaming and tumbling over enormous rocks and precipices, presented itself in terrific majesty through the opening of a forest, which had been growing for ages. The overgrown oaks and poplars, stretching their monstrous limbs over the rocks which formed the sides of the river, seemed to threaten with destruction the "wandering passenger," who winded along the base. This was the place for meditation. This was the "severi loci," where the devout mind, throbbing with the most enthusiastick sensations, wished to retire, and alone hold converse with nature and nature's God. In such moments of contemplation, when my friend felt himself elevated for a moment above the world, and the things of this world: some gloomy thoughts appeared to pass across his mind and extort an involuntary sigh. Some part of his previous history and some of his conduct at times were to me unknown and incomprehensible—a concealed grief lay near his heart; and though I have urged him to impart the cause frequently, I could never gain any satisfaction.

But the beauties of this retreat were not altogether of the grand or awful kind. In a contrary direction from the river, the ground gradually subsided into a plain, whose extent to the eye was only bounded by one of those ridges of mountains which pervade that country in a north & south direction. Here the eye, after contemplating the ruggedness of precipices, loved to repose itself upon the faint blue tint which the western sky assumed, from the loftiness of one of those immense ridges.

Such was the place chosen for his retirement and such were the scenes he loved to enjoy. If any regret arose in his mind, at abandoning the society of cities, (for no one enjoyed the pleasures of that social intercourse which proceeds from the heart more than himself) it was at the almost total deprivation of it which he now experienced. The surrounding country was far from being thickly settled; and what few inhabitants it had, were such as a view to livelihood and farming had induced to go there. These also were mostly of German origin and not of that grade to afford pleasure from an association.

During the stay I made him, it was our constant practice to visit some of these interesting scenes in the morning and evening. One morning, just as we had penetrat-

ed into the gloom of an extensive forest, we were startled by the sudden explosion of a pistol. We immediately ran to the spot from whence the report had proceeded, and discovered a young man extended on the ground and weltering in his blood. It was soon perceived that he had fallen a victim to the arbitrary regulations of a relentless and barbarous custom, and was thus left to his fate under the impresssion that he was no more.

I had scarcely time to think upon the measures proper to be adopted upon the melancholy occasion, when in giving a transient look towards my companion, I discovered him to be agitated in an uncommon degree. The colour had fled from his face, his limbs tottered and his eyes were suffused with tears. Great heaven! exclaimed he, how inexplicable are thy ways! Behold my friend, where lies the body of my son—my only child, whom I had long abandoned to his fate and to the world: and who has been the cause of more pangs to me, than ever the pleasures of this life can repay. You have often wondered at a secret gloom and discontent which have obscured my best hours. You see before you the most unfortunate cause. Perceiving him to be much affected, I assumed the most composed countenance in my power, and the noise of the pistol having brought others to the spot, the apparently lifeless body was removed to the house of my unhappy friend. The remains of life were soon discovered to be in the youth and by the timely assistance of the most skillful Surgeon in the neighbourhood he was after a struggle of more than a month, restored to a tolerable degree of health and strength. During the period of his convalescence D. had endeavoured to let me into the secret of what had thus accidentally been discovered.

This wretched young man, said he, after receiving all the benefits which a good education and the parental roof could yield him, was led insensibly by the fascinating wiles and temptations of London into the society of young men who prided themselves in being disciples of the new, or modern philosophy. Being youths of pleasing external manners, and possessing a degree of boldness in certain matters of opinion to which he was not accustomed; he was first induced to listen, then admire and finally embrace their mischievous doctrines. The modern theory had inspired them all, and Godwin was paramount in his mind to every authority—and as one of his despicable doctrines was a total contempt for parental or other restraint it was not long before I had the misfortune, to notice a total dereliction of duty & attention towards me, and negligence to my admonitions. In a short time he was guilty of conduct that broke a fond mother's heart and rendered

him infamous
him irrecla
which time
unhappy
need I say
reer of vic
ly now arr
extending
Not so, m
had thoug
has struck
been my
right and
new-born
strange to
wretch wh
ed and pro
stroy what
nour and v
and civil so
der misery
have the t
the occurre
drew your
the victim
the attent
words.

The Sl
particular
South Am
es long fro
of the bo
about thre
The fore le
six. The
very narrow
inches in
which on
on those
bending d
The he
dish hair,
ze is like

him infamous in my eyes. I had no alternative, finding him irreclaimable, but to abandon him to his fate—since which time I have never heard of, or seen him until the unhappy moment we found him in the wood. But why need I say unhappy? perhaps, he has fell in the full career of vices prompted by his mistaken notions and is only now arrested by the interposing hand of providence from extending the catalogue of his crimes and misconduct. Not so, my dear father, said the young man, whom we had thought in a profound sleep. The avenging hand has struck the blow at the proper moment. Infamous has been my life; but great is my contrition and sense of right and true virtue at this moment. I am in a manner new-born; awakened to views and thoughts that were strange to me; and ten thousand times accursed be that wretch who has in the calm seclusion of his closet, invented and propagated doctrines calculated to overturn and destroy whatever remains in the world of honesty, piety, honour and virtue—which tend to loosen the bonds of social and civil society; to give distorted views of life and engender misery through a false philanthropy. If you will have the patience to listen to my recital, I will relate the occurrences of my past life from the moment you withdrew your paternal care of me, until you discovered me the victim of my follies and crimes.—We commanded all the attention possible, and he began his story in these words.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SLOTH, OR SLUGGARD.

The Sloth is a very uncommon animal, and is of a particular kind, there being no other like it. That of South America is of the size of a fox, being fourteen inches long from the neck to the tail; and the circumference of the body is nearly equal to the length. The neck is about three inches long and four thick, including the hair. The fore legs are seven inches long, and the hinder only six. The feet are flat like those of bears or monkeys, but very narrow; and from the joint to the nails are three inches in length. They have three nails on each paw, which on those before are two inches and a half long, and on those behind two, of a whitish yellow colour, and bending downwards.

The head is small and roundish, beset with short reddish hair, and the mouth is not large. The snout or muzzle is like that of a monkey, it being blunt and smooth,

with flat nostrils, and the mouth is always full of slaver. The teeth are not large, they being like those of a lamb. The nose is smooth, high, and black; and the eyes are small, black, and sleepy; but it is without ears. The tail is about an inch and a half long, and it is beset with thick hair all over the body about two inches long, and of an ash colour, like that of a badger, but softer, and mixed with white. The back is of the lightest colour, and down the middle of it there is a black or brown list. The hair is so long on the neck that it looks like a mane hanging down on each side.

It is the most sluggish animal in the world, and is usually seen on a tree, upon the fruit, bark, and leaves of which it feeds. Upon even ground it cannot proceed forward above fifty paces in a day. It never drinks, and has a shrill sort of a voice, almost like a kitten. The characteristics of this animal are its slow pace, its having the fore feet longer than those behind, and three claws on each foot.

There is another animal of this kind in Africa, which upon the coast of Guinea is called a Potto. Bosman affirms, that this cannot move above ten paces in a day; and that it has the most horrid aspect of any animal in the world. The fore feet are very like hands, and the head is strangely disproportioned. The hair of the young ones is of a pale mouse colour; but that of the old is red, and looks more like wool than hair.

The Sloth of Ceylon is improperly so called, for he is not so slow in his motions as the former, though he is not so nimble as a monkey. It has only two toes on the fore feet and three on those behind, which are terminated with strong crooked claws. The ears are hid under the hair, and it has no tail. The whole body is covered with flesh coloured hair, which is deeper on the back, and inclining to a bright ash colour under the belly. The muzzle or snout is longer than that of the American Sloth. The female brings forth its young without hair; it has a mouth resembling that of a little dog, and the body resembles that of a dog-headed monkey. The ears are short and round like those of apes. The mother of this young one is described by Seba in the following manner. The thighs and legs are as hairy as those of a bear, it being very thick, and curled like wool. The fore feet have but two claws, which are long and crooked at the end; but those behind have three. It has the same cry as the Sloth of America, and the colour of the female is of a deep grey all over the body, only the belly is of a light grey. The ears are flat, and close to the head, like those of men, and are covered with hair. Between the fore legs there are two breasts, but neither the male nor female have any tail.

Linnaeus mentions an animal in Surinam, which is never found out of the torrid zone; the claws of its fore feet are like sickles, and it makes use of them to climb up trees. Its cry is like that of a kitten. As he does not give any further description of it, it is hard to say whether this is the same as that already described, or not.

FROM CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER.

(Concluded from page 303.)

I mean not to enumerate all the calamities which followed: they were too signal not to be widely known, too recent not to be well remembered; and, from their very nature, incontestably proved the aberration of those faculties which could alone, by their presence, render the emperor responsible for all the misery, dismay, and ruin, which threatened the very existence of the empire. P—Z— resolved upon availing himself of the influence of the fair favourite, to whom he addressed himself with all the insinuation of person, manners, wit, and money: having engaged her in his favour, he made her acquainted with count K—, a man, who, from having been about the person of Paul in the menial capacity of valet, at last obtained a high place in his affection, distinguished honour, and great wealth. The more firmly to bind K— to his interest, P—Z— feigned an honourable passion for the daughter of the former, who was, like all the sudden favourites of fortune, much pleased at the prospect of an alliance with a very distinguished family. Count K—, and madame Chevalier, conceived many plans for prevailing upon his majesty to restore Z— to his favour. At length, one evening, when she had tranquillised the mind of the emperor, and excited in him an appearance of gaiety by the vivacity of her wit, and some of her most successful songs, she artfully insinuated that P—Z— was the most unhappy man alive in being deprived of the emperor's favour, and of the power of promoting the interests of one of the greatest geniuses that ever mounted the Czarian throne, to whom he was most inviolably attached. The emperor paused, and expressed some doubt of the truth of the statement; but upon her re-assuring him of its sincerity, accompanied by some of those little blandishments which no woman ever knew how to display with more finished address than madame Chevalier, Paul granted her petition, and recalled Z— to the residence, where he flew with the celerity of a courier, and threw himself at the feet of the emperor, by whom he was graciously received, and from whose presence he withdrew, to present his fair advocate with the

stipulated reward, a magnificent aigrette of diamonds, valued at sixty thousand rubles. What private pique Z— might have cherished against his imperial master, I believe that it was wholly lost in his review of the deteriorated and dreadful condition of the empire, and in those awful measures of restoration which were afterwards resorted to. Z— gradually and warily unfolded his mind to K—, who as cautiously entered into his views, until their confidence was completely established. The result of their deliberations was, that to save the empire, it was necessary that the emperor should be removed. They next prevailed upon count P—, the governor of the city, and count P—, a very young nobleman, but of considerable family interest, the son of the celebrated general, count P— P—, who so eminently distinguished himself in the Turkish war, and also the prince Y—, and some other persons of great rank and consequence. All of these noblemen were actuated by no other motive than to prevent the final ruin of their country, and for this purpose they determined to place in peril their lives and their fortunes.

In their conferences, which were managed with admirable discretion, it was resolved that Paul should die; and like Caesar, it was destined that he should perish in the ides of March, on the day of the festival called Maslaintza.

I think I hear the voice of humanity exclaim, "Why not provisionally remove the unhappy monarch from the throne?" Alas! the constitution of Russia possesses none of those mild and beneficent provisions, which endear our own constitution to us a thousand and a thousand times. When the ruler is once mounted on the throne, an abyss opens below, and the descent from the last step is into eternity. I am endeavoring to illustrate motives, not justify them; the record is before another tribunal! it is scarcely necessary for me to observe, that the august family of Paul were wholly unacquainted with the meditated blow.

The emperor, from an aversion he had taken to those palaces, which formed the favourite residence of Catharine, resolved upon building a palace for himself. The gorgeous magnificence of Zarsko Zelo, and of the Winter palace, and all the oriental voluptuousness of the Hermitage, were hateful to him; indeed, to such an elevation had his abhorrence of these places attained, that he had determined to reduce them to the dust, that only

"—The blackness of ashes should mark where they stood." His fate, which was fast approaching, prevented the accomplishment of this irretrievable act of delirium. The emperor

and his fa-
had resol-
Michael.
Dutch bri-
nite; it s-
the lofty s-
cat gold,
As Pau-
he was cro-
various an-
by torch-
all the sev-
enormous
whole is r-
bastions o-
turally lec-
asylum o-
have seen
ty of its c-
might be
those who
might be
other. F-
strength,
mother h-
here, by
the terrib-
ing those
crease it.
every han-
which ad-
staircase
chamber,
led by a s-
It was
apartmen-
mentals a-
the rest o-
tances, i-
On the t-
ing the fa-
onymous i-
but conce-
he sent to
the noble-
am inform-
conspirac-
"to tak-
ing the l-

and his family resided, at the time when the confederacy had resolved upon his removal, in the new palace of Saint Michael. It is an enormous quadrangular pile, of red Dutch brick, rising from a massy basement of hewn granite; it stands at the bottom of the Summer Gardens, and the lofty spire of its Greek chapel, richly covered with ducat gold, rising above the trees, has a beautiful appearance.

As Paul was anxious to inhabit this palace as soon after he was crowned as possible, the masons, the carpenters, and various artificers, toiled with incredible labour by day and by torch light, under the sultry sun of the summer, and in all the severity of a polar winter, and in three years this enormous and magnificent fabric was completed. The whole is moated round; and when the stranger surveys its bastions of granite, and numerous drawbridges, he is naturally led to conclude, that it was intended for the last asylum of a prince at war with his subjects. Those who have seen its massy walls, and the capaciousness and variety of its chambers, will easily admit that an act of violence might be committed in one room, and not be heard by those who occupy the adjoining one; and that a massacre might be perpetrated at one end, and not known at the other. Paul took possession of this palace as a place of strength, and beheld it with rapture, because his imperial mother had never even seen it. Whilst his family were here, by every act of tenderness endeavouring to soothe the terrible perturbation of his mind, there were not wanting those who exerted every stratagem to inflame and increase it. These people were constantly insinuating that every hand was armed against him. With this impression, which added fuel to his burning brain, he ordered a secret staircase to be constructed, which, leading from his own chamber, passed under a false stove in the anti-room, and led by a small door to the terrace.

It was the custom of the emperor to sleep in an outer apartment next to the empress's upon a sofa, in his regimentals and boots, whilst the grand duke and duchess, and the rest of the imperial family, were lodged at various distances, in apartments below the story which he occupied. On the tenth day of March, O. S. 1801, the day preceding the fatal night, whether Paul's apprehension, or anonymous information, suggested the idea, is not known, but conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent to count P——, the governor of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved on his destruction: "I am informed, P——," said the emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me; do you think it necessary to take any precaution?" The count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such

"apprehensions to haunt your mind; if there were any combinations forming against your majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it." "Then I am satisfied," said the emperor; and the governor withdrew. Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender solicitude for the empress and his children, kissed them with all the warmth of farewell fondness, and remained with them longer than usual; and after he had visited the centinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber, where he had not long remained, before, under some colourable pretext, that satisfied the men, the guard was changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. An hussar, whom the emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bedroom door, in the anti-room. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier by any fair means. At this momentous period, silence reigned throughout the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the centinels, or at a distance by the murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights were to be seen distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark colossal abode. In the dead of the night, Z—— and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the drawbridge, easily ascended the staircase which led to Paul's chamber, and met with no resistance till they reached the anti-room, when the faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them, and presented his fusée. Much as they must have all admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity, which might have endangered the whole plan. Z—— drew his sabre, and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awakened by the noise, sprang from his sofa: at this moment the whole party rushed into his room: the unhappy sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself in the chairs and tables, then recovering himself, he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. Finding that they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life, declared his consent instantly to relinquish the sceptre, and to accept of any terms which they would dictate. In his raving, he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates, and titles, and orders, without end. They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window: in the attempt he failed, and indeed so high was it from the ground, that had he succeeded, the expedient would only have put a more instantaneous period to his misery. In the effort he very

severely cut his hand with the glass; and as they drew him back he grasped a chair, with which he felled one of the assailants, and a desperate resistance took place. So great was the noise, that notwithstanding the massy walls, and thick double-folding-doors, which divided the apartments, the empress was disturbed, and began to cry for help, when a voice whispered in her ear, and imperatively told her to remain quiet, otherwise, if she uttered another word, she should be put to instant death. Whilst the emperor was thus making a last struggle, the prince Y—— struck him on one of his temples with his fist, and laid him upon the floor. Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life; at this moment the heart of P—— Z—— relented, and, upon being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, “We have passed the Rubicon; if we spare his life, before the setting of to-morrow’s sun we shall be his victims!” upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the naked neck of the emperor, and giving one end to Z——, and holding the other himself, they pulled for a considerable time with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was no more; they then retired from the palace without the least molestation, and returned to their respective homes. What occurred after their departure can be better conceived than depicted: medical aid was resorted to, but in vain, and upon the breathless body of the emperor fell the tears of his widowed empress and children, and domestics; nor was genuine grief ever more forcibly or feelingly displayed than by him on whose brow this melancholy event had planted the crown. So passed away this night of horror, and thus perished a prince, to whom nature was *severely* bountiful. The acuteness and pungency of his feeling was incompatible with happiness: unnatural prejudice pressed upon the fibre, too finely spun, and snapped it.

’Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony, dispos’d aright;
The screws revers’d (a task which, if he please,
God in a moment executes with ease,
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.

COWPER.

The sun shone upon a new order of things. At seven o’clock the intelligence of the demise of Paul spread through the capital. The interval of time from its first communication to its diffusion over every part of Petersburg was scarcely perceptible. At the parade Alexander presented himself on horseback, when the troops, with tears rolling down their rugged and sun-browned faces, hailed him with

loud and cordial acclamation. The young emperor was overwhelmed, and, at the moment of mounting the throne of the most extensive empire under heaven, he was seen to turn from the grand and affecting spectacle, and weep.

What followed is of very subordinate consideration; but perhaps it will be eagerly asked, to what extremity did the avenging arm of justice pursue the perpetrators of the deed? Mercy, the brightest jewel of every crown, and a forlorn and melancholy conviction, that the reigning motive was the salvation of the empire, prevented her from being vindictive. Never upon the theatre of life was there presented a scene of more affecting magnanimity; decency, not revenge, governed the sacrifice. P—— Z—— was ordered not to approach the imperial residence, and the governor of the city was transferred to Riga. As soon as madame Chevalier was informed of the demise of her imperial patron, she prepared, under the protection of her brother, a dancer, for flight, with a booty of nearly a million of rubles. A police officer was sent to inspect and report upon her property: amongst a pile of valuable articles, he discovered a diamond cross, of no great intrinsic value, which had been given by Peter I. to a branch of the imperial family, and, on that account, much esteemed; it was to recover this that the officer was sent, who obtained it, after the most indecent and unprincipled resistance on her part. Passports were then granted to madame Chevalier and her brother. Thus terminated this extraordinary and impressive tragedy.

Mr. Easy,

In casting my eye over a late number of the “Companion,” I observed a very just and handsome eulogy on the character and talents of the late Sir WILLIAM JONES. The spirit and tendency of the essay are laudable. If the effusion of some youthful genius, which I think not improbable, it is peculiarly so on account of that zeal it manifests for the cause of christianity. I trust this spirit will continue to pervade every essay that comes from his pen. In this our licentious age they do just credit to his heart as well as to his understanding.

There is, however, one opinion, introduced by the essayist, which may be controverted—and therefore, might injure the cause which he advocates.

For a few years past, it has become fashionable with some of our American literati, who are fond of catching the ideas most applauded in Britain, to assign, *exclusively*, all the anarchy and bloodshed that have lately pervaded Europe, to the *French Philosophers*. But is this correct? Is it fair or impartial? It is presumed not. Our essayist,

whether of task to pro-
losophers,
ened upon
dreadful s
and origin

In exhibi
of Sir W
as ready to
infidel phil
own count
pertinent to
It is well k
a Diderot,
influential
broke or a
these infide
late bloody
and infidel
ruin and th
any effect to
that the pro

In the o
BRITISH sc
higher than
chief must
principles n
further. V
the deepest
opostate inf
that our ess
this respect
y, from the
ture, as he
A re-exa
unprofitable
tion is bett
will indeed

TO RE
O. A. w
no licentiou
thinking, th
guished. I
was propose
Cupid very
Perhaps ther
of approving
by a sensual

whether of less or more matured talents, will find it an arduous task to prove that, even the most infidel of the *French* philosophers, "*Have thrown Europe into anarchy, and loosened upon mankind the dogs of rage and war.*" Those dreadful scenes may be traced to a much more direct cause and origin.

In exhibiting the highly admired merit and literature of Sir WILLIAM JONES, the impartial writer should be as ready to contrast them and their happy effects with the infidel philosophers, and their works, of BRITAIN or his own country, as with those of FRANCE. It cannot be impertinent to ask our essayist, why this was not preferred? It is well known that the infidel writings of "a Voltaire, a Diderot, and a Rosseau," have not been more banefully influential than those of a Hume, a Shaftsbury, a Bolingbroke or a Gibbon. And, yet, I do not believe that all these infidels, French and British combined, produced the late bloody scenes in Europe. It is granted, that all vice and infidelity, of every grade, have a tendency to national ruin and the most guilty consequences. But in assigning any effect to its true cause, it is a fallacy in logic, to make that the proximate, which is only a remote cause.

In the opinion or estimate of the literary world, the BRITISH sceptic or infidel philosophers have stood much higher than the FRENCH. Their sphere for doing mischief must then have been proportionably higher—their principles must have been more impressive and extended farther. Why then exclude them altogether, in a charge of the deepest guilt? They had certainly less apology for their apostate infidelity than the French. I am far from saying that our essayist is prejudiced or partial. His ideas, in this respect, are probably taken, without suitable enquiry, from those who are not so free from any bias of that nature, as he may be himself.

A re-examination of this part of his essay may not be unprofitable; and should he be able to shew that his opinion is better founded than this candid animadversion, it will indeed be gratifying to B.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

O. A. whilst he execrates licentiousness, is by much too licentious for our paper. According to his manner of thinking, the torch of Hymen would be quickly extinguished. He is devoid of a just comprehension of what was proposed in the union of the sexes. The flames of Cupid very seldom illumine that important contract. Perhaps there is less cause for lamenting the absence than of approving the presence of what is much more frequently a sensual appetite, than a cordial union of two hearts

that design only the mutual good of each other. Amongst the lower order of the people, the dictate of nature is simply pursued, and wherever there is sobriety, there is generally with them, a portion of happiness adequate to all the enjoyments of life. In the higher ranks there are artificial considerations, there are imaginary wants to which attention must be given. The difficulty is in being governed by the happy medium. In great cities this too rarely occurs. Young men abound who have not had the happiness of a correct education, and it is in the irregularity of their lives that we are to discover the prevalence of celibacy. If the same obstructions to illicit indulgence were equally to obtain in both sexes, mutual complaints would be very seldom heard. Whilst the morals of him who was given as a guide for her who was intended to be the chief solace of his life is *impure*, the perfect *purity* of the weaker vessel is not to be expected. We must begin then with correcting ourselves, before we can be entitled to complain; and if we succeed in this, we shall certainly have every just cause of disapprobation quickly removed. Until this happens, however we may grumble, we must continue to suffer.

The communication from B. which we have inserted, contains sentiments with which we perfectly coincide, in so far as he condemns sceptical writers generally. We do not believe that the critique on the life of Sir William Jones, had in view a condemnation of the French sceptics *politically*, but that the remark was adduced as a mere matter of fact. That the English declaimers against revelation are equally reprehensible with every other character of like description, cannot be questioned; and one of the reasons that their writings had not the same effect in one country as in the other, is their difference of measure in religious information.

The SPY is employing himself in a way that gives him a high claim to merit. A continuation of his exertions must be as pleasing to our readers as they are acceptable to us, and well merit our best acknowledgments.

Another SYLPH has been received and will appear. The pointed wit, the propriety of rebuke, the severity of reprehension which are so justly distributed, will we doubt not delight as well as improve the minds of our readers. We sincerely hope he will continue his labours, and that they will have all the good effect his benevolence can suggest.

A LAYMAN has been received, and is under consideration. His object is of the most interesting nature, and if we can give him encouragement consistently with the plan of our paper, we shall do it with the greatest satisfaction.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Think you this defiance of Time worthy the Companion?

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF DELLA CRUSCA.

Dear, happy scenes that now are fled,
That teach me Old Time's hasty tread,
While with regardless hand he throws
His barbed shafts—his piercing woes.
But let the Tyrant grace his throne,
His trophies, I can make my own,
I need but call in memory's aid
And quick I trace each beauteous glade,
Re-visit every well known spot,
Which Time in vain shall wish to blot;
Pause at the winding stream, and seat,
Where oft in tender converse sweet,
When youth, and joy, around me flew,
And ev'ry passing scene was new,
I've wasted twilight's pensive hour,
And own'd soft love's resistless pow'r;
All this can I retrace with joy
For this is bliss that ne'er can cloy.
Now, Tyrant, now exert thy skill,
Take all, but life, I scorn thee still.
Yes, whet thy scythe, and plume thy wing,
And scatter gall, with every sting;
Still, I'm superior, for know
I can taste that—thou can'st not show.

LAURA.

Mr. Easy,

The following lines were addressed to a young lady in the district of Columbia, on her being choked by a piece of orange peel.

What! the peel not remov'd from the station,
At an ill-fated moment it seiz'd?
Is Eliza to feel with vexation

Th' annoyance by which she is teaz'd?

Ah! luckless, thrice luckless the fruit,
From whence the vile atom was torn;
May blight quickly wither the shoot
Upon which this sad orange was borne.

Yet more; let with Egypt's gay bow'rs
This tropical emblem decline,
Extirpate at once the fair flow'rs
That beauty and fragrance combine.

Henceforth let the orange be known
As the fruit ta'en from Eden of old,
In record or story alone
When its singular mischief is told.

R. R.

How much it is to be regretted by all readers who have taste enough to admire, without possessing learning enough to indulge that taste, that many of the classic writers have not been translated;—or else their productions so wretchedly mangled, that scarcely a trace of the author remains. Amongst the rest, Horace, a writer whose works ought to be in the hands of every one, who enchants as much by the captivating graces of his poetic genius, as he improves by the sound sense, and good morals he inculcates, has never yet found a translator worthy of the great original. Mr. Wakefield, has left a few of his Odes executed in a masterly style—and we cannot sufficiently lament, that he had not completed, the invaluable work he had begun. We present our readers with the following, which has not yet become generally known here.

ODE I.

Patron and pride! whose lineage springs
From ancient stem of Tuscan kings,
Mæneas! some on Pisa's strand
Whirl, in thick clouds of circling sand,
The glowing car, elate of soul;
With nice evasion clear the goal,
The wreaths, that victor-brows entwine,
Lift mortals to a height divine.

Some love in civic breasts to raise
The monument of patriot praise:
Some, the full stores of golden grain,
Swept from prolific Lybia's plain.

Who joys to reap in native fields,
What earth's all fostering bosom yields,
On him not mines of gold prevail
To stem the wave, and face the gale.

When howling tempests rend the skies,
And seas in billowy mountains rise,
The trembling merchant sighs in vain
His tranquil joys and rural reign,
But lust of gold, the danger pass'd,
Rigs the torn bark, and dares the blast.

One, nothing loath regales his soul
With festive ease and social bowl;
Repos'd, where blooming shrubs o'er shade,
And limpid rills refresh the glade.

Him, thrill with transport war's alarms,
The clarion loud and clashing arms:
War! from whose crimson sources rise
Orphan tears and matron sighs.

Deaf to the sweets of whispering love,
The huntsman braves inclement Jove,
To rouse the boar, or chase the fawn,
With trusty dogs at early dawn.

Thee raises to the bliss of heaven
That ivy-crown by learning given
Me, the cool grove, and nimble bound
Of nymphs and satyrs frisking round,
Mark from the vulgar; if the muse
Her pipe vouchsafe, nor lyre refuse.

If of the lyric choir am I,
This towering head will strike the sky.